



*The pious Pastor Corydon ador'd.
The fair Alexis favorite of his Lord. Virg.*



*The pious Pastor Corydon ador'd,
The fair Alexis favorite of his Lord. Verg.*

THE
FEMALE PARLIAMENT.
A Seri-Tragi-Comi-Farcical
ENTERTAINMENT,
Never Acted in *EUTOPIA* before.
Wherein are occasionally exhibited, The
HUMOURS of *FANNY BLOOM*
AND
LADY NICEAIRS.

Together with the
AMOURS of Sir *TIMOTHY FOPWELL*
AND
JUSTICE VAINLOVE.

With several PIECES of
CHOCOLATE-SCANDAL, TEA-CALUMNY,
and MIDNIGHT-SLANDER, entirely new.

L O N D O N :

Printed next Door to the Saddle on the Right
Horse. M DCC LIV.

PARLIAMENT.

2nd-1858-1859

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

OFFICE OF THE CLERK

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
Lord KINGSBOROUGH.

MY LORD,

AMONG the many shining Qualities for which you are so universally admir'd, Your Lordship's Humanity, Beneficence, and Encouragement for Arts and Sciences, tho' certain Marks of a truly noble and generous Mind, have been render'd still more amiable, by Your steady and unshaken Attachment to the Interest of Your Country this Session of Parliament.

PATRIOTISM, when rectify'd by that Sweetness of Temper, and Spirit of Loyalty, for which Your Lordship is so eminently remarkable, constitutes the most ILLUSTRIOUS CHARACTER; a Character which You meritoriously enjoy by being

DEDICATION.

no less happy in the Acknowledgments of a grateful People, than in a Heart and Mind devoted to their Interest.

IN this Address to Your Lordship, I am as inferior to the Task of doing Your Merit Justice, as I am superior to Flattery, and all my Ambition upon this Occasion, consists in the sincerest Desire of expressing my Gratitude to Your Lordship for the Services you have done Your Country.

THE only Reward a generous Patriot has in View for his Endeavours to serve his Country, is, to secure his Prince's Ear, and the Hearts of the People; and whenever he falls short of the former, it must be owing to designing *Incendiaries* who can never be real Friends to Majesty.

HE who is disloyal to his Prince, was never known to be a Patriot; for, to support the Liberties of the People, is to establish the *Royal Throne in Righteous Power*.

YOUR Lordship's Moderation, even Deportment, and Conduct this Session of Parliament, will always be recent in the Hearts of His Majesty's loyal Subjects of *Ireland*, who have the justest Reason to esteem

You

DEDICATION.

YOU ONE OF THE NOBLE GUARDIANS
OF THEIR LIBERTIES.

THO' I have not the Honour of being known to Your Lordship, yet without any previous Consent, most humbly take Leave to present you this small Offering of a grateful Heart; nor have I any Thing to recommend me to your Lordship, but my Love and Duty to my King, and profound Veneration for His *most Loyal, the Patriot Subjects* of this Kingdom, which plainly imply, that I am,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's *most Humble,*

Grateful, and Devoted Servant,

The AUTHOR.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Priarius.

Doctor Smart, Lady Terrible's Chaplain.

Sir Timothy Fopwell, an intolerable Coxcomb.

Justice Vainlove, an accomplish'd Fribble.

S E R V A N T S.

Nick, Servant to Lady Sprightly.

*Nim, Servant to Justice Vainlove, a cunning Shaver,
Tutor, Chaplain, Steward, Agent, Counsellor, and
Amanuensis to his Master.*

W O M E N.

*The Right Honourable Lady Betty Ireland, a Lady of
Virtue, Family and Character.*

*Lady Hopeful, a Lady of excellent Sense, and a Lover
of her Country.*

Lady Tugghard, an old Lady of Virtue and Experience.

Fanny Bloom, a frolicksome Girl of Humour.

Lady Prue, a generous Patroness of her Country.

Lady Sprightly, a female Schemist, merry and wise.

*Lady Nice Airs, an Enemy to her Country, and much
given to Slander.*

Lady Bilker, a violent Partizan.

Lady Concordatum, a temporizing Court Lady.

Lady Courtly, an Enemy to Virtue and her Country.

Lady Nufance, a Casuist for the Court.

Lady Terrible, an old Bishop's Wife, a female Hussar.

T H E

THE
FEMALE PARLIAMENT.

A SERI-COMI-TRAGI-FARCICAL
ENTERTAINMENT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Justice Vainlove's House.

Justice VAINLOVE.

WELL, Dem me, I'm the happiest Fellow upon Earth. Since I came to Town I have been in a Round of Pleasure, solicited for my Interest by Court, and admired by all the Ladies. Ha, ha, *Nim*, what do you say? Has it not been so?

Nim. Why indeed Master, you have had a great many Visitors, but whether they were Courtiers or Creditors, is the Point; and as to your Attendance at the Levee, you know, Sir, the Court is like a Watch-house in a Storm or a Shower of Rain, Friends and Enemies, Whigs and Tories, Courtiers and Countrymen,

men, promiscuously flock together, some to sell their Conscience, others to bely their Hearts.

Just. V. You Rascal, what mean Comparisons you make! Sirrah, the present Court is the most brilliant and equitable that ever was known. *Justice* and *Fortitude* direct their Measures. It is a formidable Court, you Dog, if you knew but all.

Nim. Why then indeed, Master, this is the only Opportunity you'll ever meet with to gain the Esteem of your Country. You know, Sir, you were obliged to mortgage your Honour when you got into the Senate. Consider what large Promises you made. Gad Sir, you told I'm afraid, a great many—— Well, I durst not mention it.

Just. V. Lies you mean, you Dog; those are coursfory Lies, Lies of Necessity. However, I'll permit you to speak your Mind upon this occasion. The Fellow has some Sense, he lived with an old Chap at the College, and has learned some Scraps of Philosophy among the Book-worms. [*Aside.*]

Nim. Why then, Sir, since you're so kind to permit me to speak, you should remember the Promises you made your Constituents. And it is well known you never endeavoured to do your Country the least Service. You have it in your Power at this Juncture to shew yourself a Man of Honour, and return to your Country-seat with the Applause of a grateful People, who reposed their Confidence in you. And you may be sure, Sir, if you prove an Enemy upon this Occasion, the Devil himself will as soon get a Seat in the Senate again.

Just. V. Why, Demn you, you Dog, thou art an inconsiderate Fellow. Don't you know I mortgag'd my Estate as well as my Honour, and you should advise me to redeem the one, by the Sale of the other. Five hundred a Year, and three thousand in Cash, is no Trifle; tell me when I'd get so much by my Country, Sirrah?

Nim. I'm sorry you're turn'd Jobber, Sir, I imagin'd Patriots were to serve their Country without any sinister Views.

Just.

Just. V. Views! Demn you, all Mankind have Views, the Court have great Views, they look on me as a Man of some Consequence, my very Appearance at the Senate will carry Weight with it, tho' I said only Ay, or No.

Nim. By *Jove*, that's all you can do at best. I see there are some People striving to make a Fool of my Master; curse me if I don't make a Penny of him if I can. [*Aside.*] Your Appearance, Sir, is very singular I must own.

Just. V. Singular Sirrah! What do you mean? Don't my Dress, Mien, Carriage, Person, Gait, Air, Language, and Address gain me profound Respect wherever I go? Don't the Gentlemen admire me, and the Ladies idolize me?

Nim. The Gentlemen gaze at you, and the Ladies make a Butt of you, while you monkify them in all their Gambols. [*Aside.*] Indeed, Master, I acknowledge there are very few like you; but for Sake of Wonder, where are the Places and Thousands to come from?

Just. V. From the Court, Sirrah.

Nim. What are you to do for them, Sir? The Court seldom rewards Merit, or gives Places for nothing.

Just. V. Why, Sirrah, I'm to give my Voice and Interest to the Court.

Nim. To ruin your Country, Sir?

Just. V. No, Sirrah, but to bring stubborn Patriots to a Sense of their Duty.

Nim. Pray Master can the Court get you a Wife with a good Fortune?

Just. V. Yes, Sirrah, I'm promis'd that too, tho' you seem to joke: As to my personal Qualifications, I have no need of Court-Favours. How does this Suit become me, you Dog?

Nim. Extreme well, by the Blood, Sir, but I pity the Taylor, if he's to wait for those Court Thousands you talk of.

Nim.

Just. V. Well, Sirrah, I'm going to Court ; if any one calls, I dine with the Junto ; that's all, Friend.

[*Exit Just. V. man't Nim.*]

Nim. Well, what an accomplish'd Blockhead is my poor Master, by all the COUNTS in *Europe* ; I'll make a Penny of him, if I can.

Enter Doctor Smart.

Doct. Sm. Well, Nim, what News ? Is your Master at home ?

Nim. No, Gad, Sir, he's gone to Court, or at least he said so ; he's to dine with the Junto, or at least, he bade me say so.

Doct. Sm. I don't doubt it Nim, these are Critical Times. It is no difficult Matter to get a Purse and a Dinner now.

Nim. O dear Sir, how do those Gentlemen get all these Favours ?

Doct. Sm. Why, Nim, by joining the Court against the Country.

Nim. And are you to get any thing, Doctor ; sure you are no Senator.

Doct. Sm. Tho' I'm no Senator, Nim, I have Methods to promote myself upon this Occasion.

Nim. How, so, dear Doctor ?

Doct. Sm. Why, by going on Embassies, making Court Proposals, State Arguments, and quieting the Calms of a disturb'd Conscience.

Nim. Why then, Sir, if that's the Case, sure I should make a Penny too.

Doct. Sm. Why, what Interest have you, Nim ?

Nim. A great deal with my Master, Sir. I am his Servant, Agent, Tutor, Chaplain, and all, Sir. Gad, Sir, I can persuade him to any Thing, or from any Thing. And if I'm not *felt* upon this Occasion, you understand me Doctor, my Master shall give his Voice for his Country, you may depend upon it, Sir.

Doct. Sm. Why, Nim, that would be ungenerous. What ! to hinder your Master to make a Fortune. I

was

The FEMALE PARLIAMENT. II

was sent to him by Lord *Priarius*, with very advantageous Proposals,

Nim. Gad, Sir, you had better make them to me; we'll divide Stakes. I don't desire to have what my Master is to get, but I should have something: and of that same something you shall have a Feeling.

Doct. Sm. Well, *Nim*, sooner than your Master should suffer, you shall have Two hundred Pounds.

Nim. Have you it about you, Sir, ?

Doct. Sm. No, indeed, *Nim*, but I will recommend you to Lord *Priarius*.

Nim. Then, Sir, My Master is at your Service.

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

S C E N E II.

Lady *Nice* *Airs* Chambers.

-Enter *Justice* *Vainlove*.

Just. V. Madam, I am above all Men in this gay World, your most obsequious, indefatigable, zealous, and oblig'd Servant.

Lady *N.* O Sir, you are a Mirror of Politeness! What News, Mr. *Vainlove*?

Just. V. Why, Madam, the Court is recruiting such formidable Gentlemen, as your humble Servant.

Lady *N.* Formidable Sir! I would never think you so. You are rather, superlatively agreeable; your Words and Person carry the Force of powerful Persuasion with them.

Just. V. Madam, I'm much indebted to your good Opinion and refin'd Taste. But, Madam, tho' my Person is not formidable, my Interest is.

Lady *N.* I'm glad then, Sir, those scurvy Patriots are likely to be vanquish'd. They are as insolent as so many Burgomasters. What do they mean by opposing the Court? Is not the Court the Fountain of Honour? Well, I hope to see that petulant MEANWELL in the Suds yet, and all his Party in Disgrace. As for *Roger*, he had better be quiet,
SHOULDERNESS

SHOULDERNESS will blister him, or I'm much mistaken. What, shall the Governor be disappointed to please the Rabble. Creatures that are born to be Slaves, Hewers of Wood, and Drawers of Water.

Just. V. You Reason well, Madam, pray when did you hear from Lady *Sprightly*?

Lady N. O Laud, Sir, I'm surpriz'd you'd mention her Name to any Lady of Virtue. She's a Lady of such Fame, that her Acquaintance think her infamous. But, Sir, as she has not suffered a public Explosion yet, you may mention her dishonourably but in select Companies.

Just. V. O Madam, I'm the safest Repository of Secrets in the World, I have the the Reputation of a thousand Ladies in Keeping.

Lady N. O Sir, to you above all Men I would commit a secret. Lady Terrible was here Yesterday, she made honourable mention of you, Sir.

Just. V. Ha, ha, ha, that Lady was one of my Goddesses before the Bishop catch'd her; I knelt at her Altar before he did, and Gad, my Love came in one way, and went out another. But she's a Lady of Virtue, Honour, and so forth. I'm the Guardian of her Honour, ha, ha, ha.

Lady N. Well, Sir, you're the happiest Man alive; you meet with general Conquest, and yet you never boast.

Just. V. No, split me then, Madam. What! to conquer and then sing my own Elogium to the Ruin of the generous yielding Fair!

Lady N. Pray were you ever disappointed in an Amour, Sir?

Just. V. Never but once, Madam, and that oddly. I can't say it was the Lady's Fault either; but her Husband's; an old Curmudgeon, jealous as the Devil, and as cross as Hell. I turn'd St. GEORGE for her sake, Madam, paid her a Morning Visit, while her Dragon was gone to Prayers, to supplicate the Goods for the Encrease of his Bags, which he worshipped at such an humble Distance, that he durstn't be free with one of them. While the Kettle was

was boiling, Madam, we went into a Closet to entertain our selves. In comes the Dragon. To save the Lady's Honour, I whip'd into an empty Sea-Chest, which unluckily for me happened to be infected with Bugs, and *Grim Beard* came with Brimstone to stowe it. The Lady endeavoured to put him off it, for that Time, but all in vain, he came to the Chest, bor'd an Hole in it, and began to suffocate me in such a manner, that I could no longer bear my Confinement; whereupon I open'd my Snuff-box, roar'd like a Lyon, and before he could see me, I had all my Snuff in his Eyes, and away with me like *Mercury*, but by the bye, no Pole-cat stunk like me for some Time after.

Lady N. How come the Lady off, Sir?

Just. V. Why her doating Spouse imagin'd the Devil with a Bag of Snuff had leap'd out of the Chest.

Enter Lady Bilker, Lady Concordatum, Lady Courtly, Lady Nuisance, and Lady Terrible.

Lady B. Ha, ha, Lady Niceairs, have I catch'd you?

Lady N. How, my Lady?

Lady B. With a Gentleman, my Lady.

Lady N. And which do you envy, or censure me, my Lady?

Lady B. Neither my good Lady, I assure you, Mr. *Vainlove* is a very honourable Gentleman. Did you hear the News, my Lady?

Lady N. What News?

Lady B. Lord, it's all about the Town. I mean its privately whisper'd, that Lady *Hopeful* was surpriz'd, you know the rest.

Lady N. I never had any Notion of her Policy or Contenance; she's a meer Hoiden. Mr. *Vainlove* would think such an one too easy a Conquest.

Just. V. Gad, my Lady I should, but before-hand I am your Ladyship's most obsequious.

Lady B. We waited your Compliments, Sir, or—

B

Just.

Just. V. Gad I never lose Powder and Shot with Jack-daws, I like to have a *Berginopzoom* to vanquish. There's some pleasurable Honour in such Conquests.

Lady Con. Ay, and that *Abigail Lady Tuggbard*, in her old Age is in love with *Nick the Gamester*: Silly Baggage! he wouldn't leave her worth a Plate Spoon in twelve Kalender Months. The Town talks strangely; there's seldom Smoke without some Fire; I pity the poor Creature, no Lady will visit her soon.

Lady Cou. I sup'd last Night with Doctor *Smart*, the Parson is always full of News, and that seemingly virtuous Lady *Prue*, is no better than she ought to be. The Doctor gave it me as a great Secret, and I'm sure I could not promulgate it in better Company. A Sword-knot was found in her Bed-chamber, and a Gentleman's Cap on her Pillow. You know Lord *Prue* is in *Italy*.

Lay Nu. Why that's a Trifle to what I heard of *Fanny Bloom*, you must know she went to the Play the other Night, a Quarrel ensued between *Bob* and Justice *Tyny*, she forsooth took *Tyny's* Part, because he was a Patriot, interrupted the Quarrel, and to mend the Matter, went to his House, and stayed there all Night, tho' his Wife was in the Country.

Lady Ter. No more of this Town-News, we have Things of greater Moment to think of. There are a Set of impudent Patriots endeavouring to Lord it over the Land, and oppose that Power, which with one Flash of Lightning could blast them into Atoms, tho' they had a Sea to quench the Flames. Come, Mr. *Vainlove*, what Side do you declare on?

Just. V. I'm not determin'd yet, my Lady.

Lady Ter. What, Sir, can you be an Enemy to the Court. I would have you to know, Sir, that he who is not a Friend to Lord *Dagon*, will feel the Smart.

Just. V. What, my Lady, do you think to huffar me to it? There was a Time you would, and ought to speak to me in a softer Tone. The magisterial Austerity of a Bishop to his inferior Clergy, does

not

not become your Ladyship. I would have you to know, I am Lord of *Anarchy*, I have my Party to chuse, and I'm a good Friend where I take ; but I'm not to be driven by any Body.

Lady B. O Mr. *Vainlove*, certainly you can't refuse us. Come, let us all apply to him. There are some fair Petitioners among us. You are too courtly to refuse so many Ladies, Sir.

Just. V. Why, Demme, Ladies, I may be persuaded to any thing by fair Faces and fair Words ; I will, I must, I shall be for the Court. It is against my Nature to refuse a Lady any thing ; nay, tho' it were at the Expence of my Virtue, Ha, ha, ha ! But Ladies, I've forgot, I must away ; there are some Conquests in View.

Lady Ter. Come, Mr. *Vainlove*, let us capitulate, I see you're a Man of Honour, as well as Gallantry, a Word in your Ear. Pray, how do you like Lady *Bilker* ; she has a Fortune that would redeem your Estate, five thousand Pounds is Money.

Just. V. True, by *Jove*, my Lady ; Is her Fortune in her own Hands ?

Lady Ter. Entirely, Sir, and my Interest shall be at your Service ; it is very considerable. I can wind her about my Finger as a Lawyer does the Thread of his Discourse ; I'll talk to her in private, and you know I'm not to be deny'd. I'm a common Matron to all the Ladies of my Acquaintance ; I read necessary Lectures to them, visit them at Night with my dark Lanthron, and in a Word, Sir, if I had not been vigilant, there would be broken Pitchers in several great Houses in Town. Lady *Bilker* is a Lady of Family, Fortune, and Reputation, you'll be happy in so advantageous a Match.

Just. V. By *Jupiter*, Madam, you make my Teeth water ; I long to be at her ; shall I speak to her ?

Lady Ter. By all Means, Sir.

Just. V. Well, Lady *Bilker*, at your Request in particular, my Voice and Interest which is considerable, shall be for the Court, and I desire nothing more, than to have it in my Power, to oblige you,

and would be proud of having an Opportunity of shewing your Ladyship, with what unfeign'd Devotion I am yours.

Lady B. You're so polite Mr. *Vainlove*, I can't tell how to confide in your Professions of Friendship. You have made such Conquests among the Fair, that your Affections, I'm afraid can never be fixed.

Just. V. My Lady, tho' I have idoliz'd many, you shall be my favourite Goddess. I'll desert them all, and pay my Adoration to you.

Lady B. A Gentleman of your Accomplishments cannot fail, Sir, of gaining the Heart of a Lady of superior Merit and Fortune. I have a Trifle, Sir, of Five thousand Pounds of my own, besides my Uncle's Estate, to which I'm Heiress. *Curse the Coxcomb, how credulous he is.* (Aside.)

Just. V. My Lady, as to your Fortune, I disregard it, in Competition with your exquisite Charms. If you can trust in the Sincerity of Man, I swear by all the Gods, you eclipse all your Sex in my Eyes ! I have some Friends at Court, 500 *l.* a Year, and 3000 *l.* in ready Money is at my Service. I have a tolerable Fortune of my own ; but all is too inconsiderable for so great a Prize. Let me hear one kind Word, my Lady, to sooth my Soul to Rest.

Lady B. *Curse the intolerable Booby ; I must say something to him to get shut of him.* (Aside.) Sir, when I have Reason to believe your Sincerity, you shall have no Room to complain of my Cruelty.

Just. V. By Heav'n, Madam, you charm my very Soul , will you seal that dear Promise. (*Kisses her.*)

S I N G S.

*By all the Stars that shine above,
You are the only Fair I love,
With Heart sincere with you I'd stray,
O'er the Hills and far away.*

*For you my Country I'd decline,
The Court espouse where you can shine,
My Chain I'd hug both Night, and Day.
Over the Hills and far away.*

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

SCENE III.

Justice Vainlove's House.

Enter Doctor Smart and Nim.

Doct. Sm. Well, Nim, in Consideration of your good Services with your Master, Lord *Priarius* has sent you 200 *l.* As to what you promis'd me, I leave that to your own Discretion.

Nim. To my own Discretion, Doctor; well, let me discreetly consider the Matter; however let me have the Money first, there's nothing freer than a Gift.

Doct. Sm. You shall have it, Nim.

[*Gives him the Purse.*]

Nim. Well, Sir, I have considered Matters seriously. You must remember, Sir, that Lord *Priarius* sent me 200 *l.* Now suppose my Master dy'd, then when I gave you half, which is what you'd expect perhaps, i'd be under an Obligation to my Lord for more than I received. And my Discretion tells me, Sir, as you had Interest enough to get me 200 *l.* you can get as much more for your self, if you please. They say, there's a Method to trick the Devil, but I have done almost as good, I have trick'd the Parson.

[*Aside.*]

Doctor Sm. Nim, this is no Time for disputing about the Matter; you have the Money, and take care you do something for't.

Nim. Never fear, Sir, my Master Justice *Vainlove*, shall be Lord *Priarius*'s humble Servant in any Jobb, or every Jobb from the Corruption of a Freeman, to 30000 *l.* for *Monmouth* fireet Artillery. You understand me, Demme, Sir, the Money-bills, notwithstanding the Codicil to them, shall go on swimmingly.

28 *The FEMALE PARLIAMENT.*

The Party shall have any thing within the Verge of my dear Master's Conscience. [*Exit Doctr Sm.*]

Enter Justice Vainlove.

Just. V. Were there any Ladies or Gentlemen here since *Nim*?

Nim. I must be civil to him now. (*Aside*) Yes, please your Honour, there were several fine Ladies enquiring for you. Gad, Sir, they look'd like Angels. They wanted to see the House, but I was too cunning for them. I only let them into the Parlour, being the only Place I could shew with any Credit to your Honour. I must tell him a Pacquet of Lies now. (*Aside.*) One fine Lady, Sir, fastended her Eyes on your Picture, and you'd laugh to see with what Art she kiss'd it unknown to all the rest. I guess'd, Sir, what she'd have done with the Substance, when she was so damn'd fond of the Shadow.

Just. V. Ay, *Nim*, that Lady, Demme she loves the Ground I stand on. I have too many of those fond fair Admirers, Demme, *Nim*, I'm worn off my Legs with them; and what is worse, the marry'd Devils can't let me alone.

Nim. Why then, flea me alive, Master, if I'd be a Drudge for any of them, Gad, Master, when you get a Lady of your own, the Curses of the Cuckolds you have made, may throw you like the Bullock-driving Knight into a Priapism.

Just. V. Well, *Nim*, I have a great Match in View, you must get new Cloaths; there are grand things doing for me; Demme, the whole Town is talking of me.

Nim. Curse them that doubts it. (*Aside.*) Ay, but Sir, Doctor Smart was here, Lord Priarius will make your Fortune. Not a Word of my own Pudding. (*Aside.*) Five hundred Pounds a Year, and three thousand Pounds are at your Service, Sir.

Just. V. Gad, *Nim*, I don't know what to say upon this Occasion, those Courtiers are damn'd Rogues; they have terrible Things in View.

Nim.

Nim. Zounds, 'sir, that's not your Business; I was considering about the Matter; and Gad, Sir, you must, you shall be a Man of Fortune; it will become you well, suppose Sir, you never get into the Senate again, sure Lord *Priarius* can Peer you; then you'll sit above Stairs among the godly Bishops; and let them shuffle the Cards as they will, you have a leading Trump for Life. Gad, Sir, there's nothing like it. If there be any Sin in betraying one's Country, there's so many concern'd in it, that it's a small Particle that will come to your share; so small, Sir, that it must be venial. What signifies the Groans of the Mob? Damn them, they are never easy. Be a great Man, Sir, Zounds! your Honour must be Right Honourable, then I'll clear the Way for you. What will your Title be, my Lord? Zounds! Sir, how insensibly it steals on me already. I dream of nothing but Titles. Here comes my *Lord's Gentleman*, says my *Lady's Maid*, then when you're at soft Dalliance with her Ladyship, I'll beat Time with her Maid. O Lord, Sir, what a Life we'll lead? Besides, when you're a Peer, no Patriot durst challenge you; your Person will be sacred.

Just. V. Why, you Dog, I see you have some Taste for Pleasure. See what Money and Interest can do? You who were a Patriot some time ago, art now a confirm'd Courtier.

Nim. Ay, but by *Jupiter*, you don't know what set my Spirits in Motion. (*Aside.*)

Just. V. Well, you Dog, you'd become my Lord's Gentleman very well, and you know. Sirrah, I'd grace the noblest Titles a Prince could bestow. I have promis'd my Interest to the Court, and as I know you're an honest Fellow, I'm glad you approve of my Conduct.

Nim. Conduct, Sir, Damn me, Sir, but you are a Gentleman of extraordinary Conduct. But don't make a Fool of your self with those Ladies. What makes all the Cuckolds in the World, Sir, but the Inability of those spent Salmons, those spindle-shank'd Beaux, who, when they're quite worn out in

in the Service of the Fair, marry some youthful, blooming young Lady, who has more Fire than they can extinguish, and after a Year's *kissing, crying, scratching, fighting, &c.* perhaps the Coachman's Son inherits my Lord's Estate. When you see a Gentleman honestly begotten, if his Father was a Man of Fashion and Gallantry, the Son has small Legs, a long Nose, bad Teeth, and dead of one Side. Such Men intail Disorders and Inability on their puny Race, and propagate a Nursery for Cuckoldom. Zounds! Sir, WOMEN were WOMEN since EVE: They know the End of Matrimony as well as the Vicar knows his small Dues; and if they can't get their Due at home, they'll have it, if they were obliged to apply to their Domesticks for it.

Just. *V.* Why, *Nim*, you argue justly, I must own ; Demme then, but I'll lead a chaste Life for a while ; no Breach of a Commandment for me this Month to come ; I'll be blind to all Ogles, and deaf to all Hints. But what do I say, I sup'd last Night at Lady Betty's Demme, *Nim*, if she could keep her Eyes off me, she's just agreeable, that's all ; but she has an immense Fortune, and great Alliance ; I got a Whisper about her Passion for me ; however, I've two Chances, and there's no failing one Way or the other.

Nim. There's a double Knock at the Door, some Company to see your Honour. (*Runs to the Door, and returns with a Letter.*) Please your Honour, there's a Footman at the Door, he gave me this Letter with as much Caution, as if it was a Box of Diamonds: Some Affair of Gallantry, no Doubt. O happy Master, but, dear Sir, *take care of your Legs*, and remember your Promise.

Just. V. reads the Letter.

‘ S I R,

‘ Tho’ it betrays the utmost Indiscretion in one of
‘ my Sex and Years, to write to a Gentleman, yet
‘ my Regard for you is such, I could not withstand
‘ the

' the Temptation, and a kind Answer will infinitely
' oblige your most sincerely devoted

' Friend and humble Servant,

' IRELAND.'

Zounds! *Nim*, did ever any one see the like? I never saw that Lady before last Night, and you see she fell so hugely in love with me, that she could not but testify her Passion for me the next Day under Hand and Seal. Well, by *Jupiter*! I'm likely to come to something; but here lies the Point, what shall I write to her, *Nim*?

Nim. Why, Sir, that you adore her, and the Lord knows what! Any thing that has Love in it, Sir, will do. The Woman by this Time is half mad; comfort her in Time.

Just. V. Well, *Nim*, here I begin. (*Takes Pen, Ink, and Paper.*)

' MY LADY.

' Your unexpected and favourbale Epistle gave me such Pleasure, that I am transported above myself. I have kiss'd it several Times, as a Preliminary to your Ladyships Lips. If the Devotion of every Hour of my Life can make me worthy your Esteem, you shall be my fairest Goddess: Whilst I am, &c.

' C. VAINLOVE.'

[*Nim reads the Letter over his Shoulder.*]

Nim. By *Minerva*, Sir, you write elegantly; you may say you have her how as dead as a Fish. The Foot-man waits, shall I bring him this, and desire him to wait on your Honour with an Answer to it.

Just. V. Yes, by all Means give him this Guinea, to engage his Fidelity.

Nim. I will, Sir.

[*Exit Nim.*]

Just. Vainlove solus.

Just. V. Now, ye Gods, I see some favourable Deity's my Friend. My Love and Interest courted by

by the greatest Personages; Zounds! I'm transport-
ed! But ha, Lady *Betty* is on the Patriot-Side:
What then, by *Jove*, so will I, if she marries me,
any Side that bids best; I'll be a true Swiss upon
the Occasion.

S C E N E IV.

A Tavern.

Enter Nim and Nick.

Nim. My Friend, its a Custom in our Family,
that whenever any Money comes thro' my Hands
to a Servant, my Worship gets a Bottle. You know
there are Perquisites *from the Miller to the Prime*
Minister.

Nick. Declare your Master's Bounty, Sir, and I
shall freely give you a Bottle.

Nim. Why then, Sir, here is a Guinea for you.

Nick. Bless his Honour, he's a fine Gentleman.
(Rings for a Bottle.)

Enter Waiter.

Waiter. *Coming, Sir.*

Nick. A Bottle of Claret, Boy; a stout Black-a-
moor you Dog, or your Life.

Wait. Never fear, Sir, Gad you shall be served
better than if your Master, call'd. I wore a Livery
my self once, and was a good Fellow in my Time,
but my Master, the Devil rot him, lay with my
Wife, and I never had Luck since.

Nim. Come, damn you, Sir, dispatch.

[Exit Waiter.]

Nick. Poor Fellow I pity him, but when ever a
Servant has a pretty Wife, he's surely a Pett of his
Master's, and as soon as the Jobb's over, then he's a
Butt ever after to Master and Wife.

Nim.

Nim. Gad Sir, but w're sometimes even with them, for we often take the Beverage of a Laff before them, pimp for ourselves at their Expence, and sometimes make them provide for our Children to Boot.

Re-enter Waiter, with a Bottle,

Wait. Here Gentlemen, as good a Protestant tall Boy as ever you drank; it's no *Cheek Wine*, Damn me if it be; zounds, Gentlemen, these are brave Times, between Court and Country, Gad my Master will make a Fortune.

Nick. Decant, decant, and away Sir; we're about Business,

Wait. Crave Mercy, Gentlemen.

Nim. Come Lad before you go, take a Glass, and forget your Wife if you can!

Wait. (*Fill's a Glass.*) Damn her for me, I can never forget her; well Gentlemen, here's *Roger*, and the rest of the Boys; Prosperity to them.

[*Exit. Wait.*]

(*Nick fills his Glass.*)

Nick. Here Brother, to our nearer Acquaintance, as the Saying is.

Nim. With all my Heart Brother, I hope we'll crack many a Bottle together before we die. Here's your Lady's Health Sir, (*drinks.*) Pray Sir, may I be so bold to ask, how long have you liv'd in Lady Betty's Service.

Nick. Zounds the Booby, his Master tells his Secrets to his Man. This is ~~by~~ Comedy looking Fellow; I must act a cunning Part. (*Aside.*) I do not live with Lady Betty, I live with Lady *Sprightly*; my Lady din'd at Lady Betty's Yesterday; I got that Letter to give your Master, I don't know who gave it to me, do you understand me? But there was a damn'd deal of Fufs and Charge about it, when I got it this Morning.

Nick. I see Sir, you're a faithful Servant, I love Fidelity in my Heart. Pray Sir, as you might hear, what kind of Woman is Lady Betty?

Nick.

Nick. Why Sir, she's the best Woman alive. She keeps all the Servants Vails and their Wages till they come to a Sum that may do them some Good ; she never sees her Kitchen ; and as for a Cann or a Bottle, they are as much in our Power, as if her Ladyship's Estate was our own ; and if one of the Men should have an Affair with one of the Maids, she compels him to marry her , and gives the Girl an handsome Compliment towards House-keeping.

Nim. Zounds she's an excellent Lady ; wish to Heav'n I liv'd with her ; I'd know how to play my Cards to some Advantage ; but my poor Master's being a Batchellor is a great Loss to me.

Nick. Pray in your Turn, Sir, what kind of Man is your Master ?

Nim. Why Faith, he's neither the best, nor the worst in the World. He's damn'd bad Pay indeed ; he'd rather bestow one a Shilling, than pay him six Pence. However, as I'm his Body Man, and as he sometimes comes home drunk, Gad I pay myself ; do you take me ? As for Cloaths, I have them in Abundance. For when my dear Master wears a new Suit, three or four Days, if I tell him, *Lady This*, or *Lady That*, said they did not become him, plump they come into my Hands. Again, Sir, when he owes me forty or fifty Pounds, I lead him such a Life, that he gives me his Bond, with Interest ; and as he never has a Stock of Money, he can't readily turn me off ; so that whenever he talks Chuff, I'm as chuff as he. Besides I pretend to have his Honour and Interest greatly at Heart ; he's a damn'd Coward ; a Gentleman challeng'd him one Day, and as my Master is near sighted, I made him propose the Duel by Night, and offer'd to meet the Gentleman in his Cloaths.

Nick. And how did you come off ?

Nim. Why the Challenger going home late that Night, catch'd the Curate in Bed with his Wife, and a Brawny-shoulder'd Dog he was, well fed, and fit for the Game ; this you may guess, turn'd Affairs topsy turvy ; my Master sav'd his Honour, and I sav'd

fav'd my Bacon. However he has an huge Regard for me'ever since, and makes me his Confidant in all Things, but Love Affairs.—I barr that Throw.

(*Aside.*)

Nick. Gad I think, Sir, you're very happy in a Master, and since you have open'd your Mind to me, so frankly, I can assure you it is whisper'd, Lady Betty is in Love with your Master. Zounds if they were married, how happy we'd be; and dear Brother, if Things turn out as I wish, you can't oblige me more than by getting me into your Family.

Nim. By the Blood, Sir, you shall be my Lady's Footman; never fear that.

Nick. Blessings on you, dear Brother; but is your Master very circumspect about the Maids.

Nim. No, damn me if he be, so they do his Business; they may spoil as many Beds as they make; for he says, if they did'nt give us Encouragement, we'd never meddle with them.

Nick. Well here's his Health for that. I must away, Brother, my Lady bade me make Haste with the Answer. Wish to Heav'n it may be a good one.

Nim. Never dread it; Gad my Master has some Guts in his Brains, when I'm by him. (*Aside.*)

By our Endeavours and my Master's Fame,
We'll soon exalt his Honour, and his Name;
Then, Brother, we shall lead a joyous Life,
When your good Lady's my good Master's Wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Sir Timothy Fopwell's House.

Scene opens, and discovers Sir Timothy, and Justice Vainlove

Sir TIMOTHY.

WELL, dear *Vainlove*, you're a Man pretty much of my Turn, you have Wit, Humour, and Courage, very necessary Accomplishments for a Man of Gallantry. What Adventures have you met with since you came to Town?

Just. V. Why Sir, Love, Party and Intrigue, monopolize all my Care. I'm in Pursuit of the Philosopher's Stone; that is to say, an inconsumable Fortune, and no Doubt to compleat the Prodigy; but I may get the perpetual Motion in the Bargain, for verily, *Sir Timothy*, I am on the Verge of Matrimony.

Sir Tim. Matrimony! Mr. *Vainlove*, Zounds, what have you done to deserve such a Crime? What! involve yourself in a modern Purgatory! Damn me, Sir, I'd sooner be metamorphos'd into a Jack Dog in a Tavern at an Election, than be compel'd to go to Bed seven Times a Week to one Woman. There is such a disagreeable Identity in it, such a Sameness, that the Delicacy of my Appetite would soon be pall'd with the reluctant Office of matrimonial Duty. Dem me Sir, were Gentlemen to be punish'd for enormous Crimes, Matrimony would be too severe a Sentence.

Just. V. *Sir Timothy*, you have a despicable Notion of Matrimony; I can't say but I'm pretty much of your Temper; Damn me Sir, to go to Bed to a Man's Wife, has an Air of Sin in it; for the
Clergy

Clergy say, *She's Bone of my Bone, and Flesh of my Flesh.* However, Sir *Timothy*, I'll take a Wife, as a Purchaser takes an old House with a large Demesne, or a Tradesman, a Prentice with his Fee. My Circumstances are not in the most prosperous Condition; it is a pleasant Affair to revel with a Girl of Youth, Vigour, and Spirit, at the Cost of a Toothless old Woman, and when one comes home reeking from his Pleasures, and drunk from the Tavern, mortify the *Abigail* with Impotency and Want of Desire, going about the Matter, with no better Humour than Transports *indent*. A Woman Sir *Timothy*, can bear a Disappointment very ill, but more particularly a Disappointment in Love.

Sir *Tim*. Why indeed, *Vainlove*, if I was to marry, it would be on your Terms: However I durst not trust my Head in the Nooze.

Just. V. Pray Sir, have you met with any Adventures since you arriv'd? No Man talks better, nor has a finer figure, you have all the Advantages Nature could afford you in the utmost Prodigality of her Favours, come unload, Sir. I shall give you the anecdotal History of my Amours since I came to Town.

Sir *Tim*. Why then, dear *Vainlove*, Demme then, but you're a Man of extreme Taste, Wit and Humour, as to your Person and Address, they are irresistible. You have a certain *inexpressible somewhat* about you, that carries a powerful Letter of Recommendation in your Favour, too many of our Sex envy you, and every Lady in *Europe* has a just Reason to admire you.

Nature in you has Merit plac'd,
In me a most judicious Taste.

SWIFT.

As to my self, Sir, Gad I'm out of an Ocean of Pleasure, into a Deluge of Bliss ever since I came to Town. My Heart has been like a Tennis-ball, toss'd about from hand to hand. The Ladies; make me their Confidant, Lover, Guardian, Trustee,
C z Champion,

Champion, all in one. No grand Vizer was ever happier in a choice of shining Doxies. You must know, Sir, the Ladies have a high Notion of my Taciturnity. Tho' 'tween you and me, I often swop one Secret for another, and make a Lady grant me a Favour for the Murder of a Reputation ; then, Sir, as I have her Honour in Keeping ; she keeps my Secrets inviolate. Thus, Sir, every Man of Quality's House I go to, is a perfect Seraglio at my Service. The Court, Sir, have notic'd me for some Time past, a Regiment of Horse is at my Service, and all for saying Ay, or No. A scarlet Coat and Cockade would look ravishingly on a Man of my Figure : No Man sits an Horse better. Zounds ! how I'd kill the Ladies with a Wave of my shining Blade. Then, Sir, your humble Servant would be the Original and Essence of Captain *Plume*. What Female Garrison could hold out against so brilliant a Commander ? My triumphal Arch shall be supported by *Mars* and *Venus*, holding a mural Crown ; for you know I have scal'd the Walls to a Lady's Bed chamber very successfully, ha, ha, ha. A thousand female Hearts shall lie couchant beneath my Shield, and the Fair, like the wise Men o' the East, approach with Offerings to my Altar. Zounds ! what a Revery I'm in, see what it is to be a fine Gentleman, those Notions of Honour would never get into the Head of a Plebeian.

Just. V. Gad, Sir, your Description makes me in love with a military Life ; but—I fall short of your Perfections, Sir.

Sir *Tim*. No, Damn me, Sir, you're *Eugene*, I'm *Marlborough* ; the World will soon be too narrow for our Conquests, and our Loins would raise as many young Recruits, as our Arms would destroy. What think you now (to be serious) of this Court-Party, This Struggle's not all for nothing : Some great Heads are afraid of a Discovery, they must keep *Vantrype* above Water, or he'll pull some o'them into the Flood.

Just. V. Why, Sir *Timothy*, youthful Extravagance,
and

and the Narrowness of my Circumstances, make me accept their Favours, Damn me but I do it reluctantly : But 500 *l.* a Year can stop the Effusion of a bleeding Heart, and Gentlemen of Gallantry must make the most of every thing.

Sir *Tim.* Right, my dear Friend ; Perdition catch me, but I'm so gallant a Man, that I'd sell my Country for a Night's Embrace of a fine Woman. My Country ! O my Country ! Zounds its all a Joke, when my self ! O my self is concerned ! And honest *Vainlove*, I'll declare my Mind to you : Damn me then, but I'm in love, and in hope of no Cure but what is worse than the Disorder. But I have one Scheme in View, she little thinks of. Damn her, I have offer'd her Thousands ; I have offer'd her a Settlement ; any thing. Yet nothing will do but Church Licence. Why the Devil should the *Cant* of a Priest make a Thing lawful, if the Action of it self be not so.

Just. *V.* But what Scheme have you in your Head, Sir *Timothy* ?

Sir *Tim.* Why, you must know my Goddess is a Papist, and if I marry her, as I'm sure I must, in a Month's Time when I grow pall'd, I can quit her by Act of Parliament : Damn me, a fine Gentleman can do several Things other Men can't do. Suppose I were to be what the stupid World calls a lawful Husband. Damn me, I'd make even that Hell somewhat agreeable, as I did in my first Wife's time. To begin then, like a polite Gentleman, or Husband, if you will, I'd never kiss my Wife but in Bed ; and it's much if I'd kiss her there, for I can sign a Bond without sealing it, when the Money's payable to my Wife. I would behave to her in all Companies as if she was some disagreeable Stranger, never let her into the Knowledge of my Affairs, keep separate Beds, and whenever I visited her, do it with an Air of Sin, to invigorate the Embrace, and when I came home drunk from the Tavern, bring my reeling Companions to my Bed-chamber make her dance a Rigadoon naked, then I'd retire to the

30 *The FEMALE PARLIAMENT.*

Arms of her Maid. Moreover, Sir, I'd have my *Phillis* in *cog.* dress'd in Boys Cloaths ; she should be my Ganymede ; for Damn me, I have no Notion of going out the Back-door when the Street-door is open. But our Musty has that curs'd Edict in his Bull *Unigenitus*, by *Gomorrab* I'd like the Man well enough but for that.

Just. V. Gad, Sir, you give an admirable Lecture, well, I shall go to the first festival Ball at the Nunnery, and see to take in a Gudgeon, for Damn me, those popish Ladies have a fine soft languishing Look ; there is something very ejaculative in their Countenances : Wish to Heaven some St. *Bridget* of them was to worship me in stead of those Pictures, by which they contract such soft Ejaculation in their Eyes.

S C E N E II.

The Old Exchange.

Enter Doctor Smart and Lord Priarius.

L. Pri. Well, Doctor, your Vigilance and my Bounty have gain'd us some Friends. But I remember you were telling me, *Nim*, Servant to Justice *Vain'ove* was a queer Fellow, and could be serviceable at this Juncture.

Dr. Sm. I did, my Lord, and I think so still. I have sent for him, and expect him every Moment. The Fellow is arch, and would make an excellent Spy among the Domesticks of the Town, to find who were your Friends, and who your Opponents upon the ensuing *Crisis*.

Enter Nim.

Nim. Bless my Eyes ! Doctor, your most.

Dr. Sm. Approach, *Nim*, this is Lord *Priarius*.

Nim. Good, your Honour, I am your most humble and obedient Servant.

Ld.

Ld. Pri. Well, *Nim*, I'm told you're an honest faithful Fellow, I have sent you a Compliment, and it shall not be the last of my Favours. Pray, *Nim*, could you act a Spy well.

Nim. Now for a Purse, by Jupiter, no Money no Pater Noster. [Aside.] Gad, my Lord, I can pimp for my Master, very well, is spying as hard as pimping, my Lord?

Doct. Sm. What, *Nim*, do you take my Lord for a Nimp?

Nim. No Sir, nor you neither. Zounds Sir, with Submission, Gentlemen very often pimp for one another, the Beaux pimp for half the Gentlemen in Town, when their Servants are out of the Way. Pimping is only dishonourable when one takes Money for it.

Lord Pri. Ay, but *Nim*, the Case is this, I would have you go among the Domesticks of the Town, and find what Party their Masters declare for, that is the Office of a Court Spy.

Nim. Well, by the Blood, my Lord, I'll match you; I'll turn Court-Spy; I'll explore the whole Town, and suck the Brains out of every Servant in it, or find out their Masters Secrets. They're a set of Silly-bub Dogs in general. My Lord, it's no difficult Matter to open their Escritore of Intelligence. A Pot of Porter, or a Pint of Bumbo will do any thing with them. And the Dogs, tho' they have no Property at stake, yet they make the Business of the Nation their own, and rank themselves in the Body-politick. You'll hear one cry, *We'll get the better*; another, *I'm afraid we'll lose the day*.

Lord Pri. Why, *Nim*, I see you know that Class very well. I think you're a fit Person for the Employment.

Nim. Now for the Cole. [Aside.] Ay, but my Lord, the Bounty you sent me, I have put out to Interest, lest my Master should borrow it of me, he's damn'd needy, and very bad Pay; and I shall want some Trifle to cajole those Fellows out of their Masters Secrets.

Lord

2 *The* FEMALE PARLIAMENT.

Lord Pri. Right, *Nim*, here are five Pieces for you ; you shan't want working Tools.

[*Exeunt Lord Pri. and Doct. Sm. manet Nim.*]

Nim. Well, by the Blood, this is a lucky Season. Five Guineas ! Kifs me, ye Jewels. By *Jove*, I'll soon have the Fellows of you. Zounds ! spying is a pretty Business.

SING S. Tune, *A begging we will go.*

*Of all the Blessings Men enjoy, sure spying is the best,
Tis the Cape of Good-hope that feathers well our Nest.
And a spying we will go, &c.*

II.

*The Parson spies a Tythe-pig, the Courtier spies his Grace,
Who still's at his Command, for pensions or a place, &c.*

III.

*The Dean be spies Cathedrals, and has the best in view,
For preaching Nonresistance his Hope is all in you, &c.*

IV.

*The Prelate an Archbishoprick, or Primacy can spy,
And takes what he likes best within Compass of his Eye.
&c.*

V.

*The Squire spies a Borough to fix him in the House,
Where Sugar-plumbs can make him as silent as a Mouse.
&c.*

VI.

*The disagreeing Members when Session's first begin,
For Liberty or Mammon display their boisterous Din.
&c.*

VII.

*My Master in Distress, now of virtue takes the Bobb,
And gives them fifty Ay's for one plentiful good Jobb.
&c.*

VIII.

VIII.

*The Statesman's turn'a Broker, spies great and mighty
Fees,
For which natale solum's a voted Sacrifice. &c.*

IX.

*The Knight unblest'd by Fortune, swops Conscience for
Disgrace,
And to raze the Stains of Honour, entrusted in high place,
&c.*

X.

*The Court they now spy all Things but Honesty of Heart,
And chiefly spy a Fox, who can subtilly act his part. &c.*

XI.

*Port Mantua full of promises are carry'd to the Court,
Where to the Drum of Interest Volunteers resort, &c.*

*These Pensions, Places, Money lie sporting on the
Drum,
Enlist ye Desperadoes, enlist and be all Mum—*

S C E N E III.

Lady Sprightly's House.

Enter Sir Tim. Fopwell, and Lady Sprightly.

Sir Tim. Most divine, angelic, seraphic, and attractive *Lady Sprightly*, I am your most—

Lady Sp. O *Sir Timothy*, there's no Limit to your Politeness; I hope you're in a good Habit of Body, Sir.

Sir Tim. Gad, my Lady, I'm as sound as a Trout, at your Service, (wish to Heav'n you were at mine.)
[Aside.]

L. Sp. I have received some Letters from you, *Sir Timothy*, and must pray your Indulgence for not answering

swering them. This is a very precarious World ; a Lady can't be too much on her Guard. Your Visits, Sir, may be of bad Consequence to my Honour. Your Sex, Sir, is vain, and my own censorious ; therefore I should request never to see you but in public.

Sir Tim. Zounds ! my dear , have I given you any Offence ? Or is my Person disagreeable to you ? By Heav'n, my Lady, my Hand, Heart, Person and Estate are at your Service, make your own Terms, and I'll sign them.

Lady Sp. What, *Sir Timothy* do you mean by Terms ? Do you intend to treat me like one you would solicit for a Mistress. Tho' my Fortune is not equal to yours, Sir, my Birth, Virtue and Education are no way inferior to you ; you have no honourable Terms to propose but Matrimony, Sir, and as we are of different Persuasions, there can be no Expectation that way ; you can't change your Religion, Sir, and I will not change mine ; which necessarily breaks off all Intercourse between us for the future.

Sir Tim. Zounds ! *her Terms are hard, damnable hard ; but I'm in Love. The very Name of Marriage frightens me ; however I must enjoy her, and submit the rest to the Act.* (*Aside.*) Well, my Lady, suppose I was to remove every Obstacle in the way, settle a Jointure of 1500*l.* a Year upon you, and make you my Wife : Be ingenuous and tell me, could you like my Person ?

L. Sp. Indeed, *Sir Timothy*, I have no Exception to your Person, but your Constancy I have Reason to suspect.

Sir Tim. Why, my Lady, perhaps you have catched the flying Malice of the Town against me, that I made a bad Husband, with a long Train of black & *cætera's*. — But you must consider, my Lady, my former Wife was half a Fool, damn me, she might be a Bedfellow to a Man, but she could be no Companion to him, and from this Misfortune my Reputation as a bad Husband arose. But, as for
your

your part, my Lady, nothing can equal your external Perfections, but the inimitable Beauties of your Mind. I could no more look in that lovely Face of yours, and tell you a Lye, than I could refuse to pay a Debt of Honour. Your Presence, my Lady, Commands too much Respect to be trifi'd with.

L. Sp. You promise fair, Sir *Timothy*, but you're a Man of so much Gallantry, you have those common-place Terms upon all Occasions.

Sir *Tim*. By my Veracity and Honour, my Lady, to see you every day, and not to love you every day is impossible; you have a Fund of Charms that would afford a pleasing Variety every Hour.

L. Sp. I'm much oblig'd to you, Sir, for the fair Idea you are so kind to conceive of me; the more you say in my Favour, Sir, the less I appear in my own Eyes. Fine Gentlemen take the Liberty of great Poets and Painters, whose Copies are always superior to the Original by the fond Creations, and Embellishments of a warm Imagination.

Sir *Tim*. The genuine Passion I have for you, my Lady, will stand the severest Test. Whole live-long Days I have been in your Company, and my Eyes were never satiated with Delight, and when I parted you, I wish'd to return the next Moment.

My Breast with strongest Ardour burn'd, and every
View provok'd another,

While every Meeting gave my Heart a deeper
Wound,

I strove with Wine and Friends to drive my Cares
away,

Yet those Endeavours prov'd but vain.

My very Thought and Wish should with thine cen-
spire,

If you could meet me with an equal Flame.

What you command, shall actuate my Will,

Your Likings, and Aversions shall be mine.

To your sweet Frame, I should be so united,

Our Passions, Hearts and Souls should be alike.

When at the Ball to *Harry* you resign'd your Hand,

My

My Heart was tortur'd with the sharpest Pains of Hell.

Thy very Sight inspires new Courage in my Breast,
With Pleasure I'd risque my Blood and Life,
To vindicate, or to avenge your Wrongs.
Not Wealth, nor Pomp, but thy superior Charms,
Secur'd my Heart a Victim to your Eyes.
The Thoughts of thee absorb all worldly Interest,
While every Care submits to potent Love.

L. Sp. I hope, Sir *Timothy*, you're not like your sanguine Race,

Who sometimes mistake the Ferment of the Blood,
For a purer Flame, your Professions are specious,
And if you give me a Fortnight to consider,
No doubt your Merit will oblige me to give you an agreeable Interview.

Sir Tim. With Heart elate with Joy, I accept your Proposal,

And will pray to Heav'n to prosper the Event.

L. Sp. You're extreme kind, Sir *Timothy*, and be assur'd of my favourable Opinion of you. Now let's see which will you or I scheme best. [*Aside.*

As self-enamour'd Coxcombs fondly believe,
The Fair such Fops may easily deceive,
Let hallowed Innocence then calmly Smile,
To see them Victims to their native Guile.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Justice Vainlove's House.

Enter Justice Vainlove and Nim.

Justice VAINLOVE.

WELL, *Nim*, what do you think of Lady Betty?
Nim. Gad Master, I think she's an Angel
of a Woman. I had a Bottle out of your Honour's
Guinea, with the Bearer of her Ladyship's Letter.

Just. V. What, you Dog, do you lay a Tax on my
Bounty?

Nim. Zounds, dear Master, not at all; but the
Fellow was so transported at the Sight of the Coin,
that he'd melt the Half of it with me if I'd let him;
besides your Honour knows it was necessary I should
pump something out of him; and as he got more by
the intended Match than I, it was fit he should pay
the Shot.

Just. V. Thou'rt a damnable Rogue. Well, and
what did you discover by him?

Nim. Zounds Sir, that Lady Betty is up to the
Ears in Love with you, and that she'll make you a
great Man if you please. I never knew a bad Man
or Woman yet lov'd by their Servants; and damn
me but all Lady Liberty's Servants would go thro'
Fire and Water for her.

Just. V. There's a Knock at the Door, *Nim*, at-
tend.

[Exit. *Nim.*

Justice Vainlove Solus.

Just. V. Well, how to get off the Match with
Lady Bilker, I can't tell; Gad I must write a polite
Letter to her, and let her know my Mind in modest
Terms. Wish to Heav'n the poor Creature may
not lay violent Hands upon herself.

D

Enter,

Re-Enter Nim.

Nim. By the Blood, Sir, here's another Letter from Lady Betty, Nick waits your Answer.

(*Just. V. opens the Letter, and reads.*)

Dear Sir,

I Receiv'd your kind Letter, and relye on your Professions of Love and Friendship. I have some Relations who might be offended at my Marriage; and that your Gallantry should ease me in that Point, come arm'd to Lady Sprightly's To-morrow Night, about Eleven o'Clock, and forcibly carry me away. I shall make some seeming Resistance, which you are not to notice, and you may either stop my Mouth with Kisses, or your Handkerchief, which ever seems most convenient. You may dread no Danger in the Affair, as you have previous Directions under my Hand.

I am, Sir, your sincerely devoted

Servant, *Ireland.*

Nim. Zounds Sir, if this ben't a Dream, you are the happiest Man alive.

Just. V. A Dream you Dog, it is such a Dream, Sirrah, that it interprets itself; takes Pen and Ink, and writes an Answer.

My Lady,

I have receiv'd your's, and know not how to express the unexpected, and unmerited Honour you do me, but by being religiously punctual in obeying your Commands, and most sincerely devoted to your Ladyship, whilst I am

C. Vainlove.

[*Folds and Seals it.*] Here, *Nim*, deliver this to Nick.

Nim. Does your Honour give him a Shiner.

Just. V. What's that, Sirrah?

Nim. A Fellow to the Guinea you sent him before.

Just.

Just. V. You Scoundrel, do you expect he's to get a Guinea every Time he comes?

Nim. Zounds, Sir, this is the last Visit; many a Man lost an Election by starving the Cause, throw him a Guinea Sir; damn me the Fellow sounds your Praise all over the Town; and he's damn'd honest, Sir.

Just. V. Well here, damn you, take him this,
(*throws him a Guinea.*) [Exit. Nim.]

Just. V. Solus.

Just. V. Now indeed, Lady Bilker may hang herself in earnest; something always told me, I'd be a great Man, Nature could not endow me with such Perfections, were it not at the Request of Fortune, whose Favourite I'm likely to be.

Enter Nim.

Nim. By Gad Sir, he's gone with an Heart brim full of Joy. Well half a Crown in my Pocket is as good as in yours. (*Aside.*)

Just. V. How shall I act upon this Occasion, Nim?

Nim. I'll tell you Sir; stay till I consider a little.

Now a Jail or a Fortune for my poor Master; Gad this Affair carries the Air of a Romance with it; some Body, I'm afraid intends to make a Don Quixote of him; Heav'n direct my poor Master, Gad he'd look very silly in a Pair of Bolts; I'm sure my Company could be no Comfort to him, therefore I'll keep my Neck out of the Halter. (*Aside.*)

I'll tell you Sir; Zounds you're High-Sheriff of the County, send for your Deputy and Myrmedons; Damn me Sir, they'll run away with the Devil for you if you please. I'll wait at home Sir, and have a Parson piping hot to buckle you together, then I can swear in the Morning you join'd Giblets, by mutual Consent, and the Licence of the Church, that's every Thing. Doctor Duffy is at your Honour's Service at any Hour.

Just.

Just. V. Well thought on Nim, fly to my Deputy and bid him wait on me at Eight o'Clock to-morrow Morning.

[*Exeunt. Ambo.*]

SCENE II.

Lady Sprightly's House.

Lady Sp. (*Sola.*) Now indeed I may say I'm up with Sir *Timothy*, and can give him a very comfortable Answer; if he turns out a Scoundrel, as I'm afraid he will, to be compell'd to give me £1500 a Year Jointure, will be no small Mortification; and to mend the Matter, if I prove pregnant, it will cost the poor Fribble his Life; his Vexation will throw the Gout in his Stomach indisputably.

Enter Nick.

Nick. I just came from Justice *Vainlove's*, my Lady; and here's his Answer.

L. Sp. Well Sir, here's some Money for you, you must go to my Father to the Country, and let me not see you in Town these six Months at your Peril. (*Gives him a Purse.*)

[*Exeunt Ambo.*]

SCENE III.

Justice VAINLOVE.

Enter Justice Vainlove, Deputy, Bailiffs, and Nim.

Just. V. Well Gentlemen, this Night I make my Fortune with your Assistance, and be assur'd I will make each of you a suitable Return for your Courage and Fidelity upon this Occasion; but least you should imagine you have any Dangers to encounter, Gentlemen, you may peruse this Letter, which may serve for your Instructions. (*Gives the Letter to the Deputy, who reads it out.*)
The

The D. Well Sir, I see all is fair; do you head us, and we'll follow. I have a Case of Flandrican Pistols, as good as ever blew a *Frenchman's Brains* out; and as for my Bailiffs, they're as stout as ever tip'd a Man on the Shoulder.

Nim. The Lord send you don't all sleep in Jail to Night. Gad it looks very like it; however I'm relolv'd to sleep in a whole Skin. (*Aside.*)

[*Exeunt Deputy and Bailiffs:*

Just. V. Nim here's a Letter for you, carry it to Lady *Bilker's*. You know you Dog, I must be off that Match.

Nim. Ay Sir, Gad one Match is enough at a Time. Damn me, but I'm afraid you'll be overmatch'd. (*Aside.*)

[*Exeunt Amba.*

SCENE IV.

Lady Bilker's House.

Enter Lady Bilker, Lady Concordatum, Lady Terrible, Lady Nice Airs, Lady Nufance, and Lady Courtly.

L. *Bilk*. I have sent for your Ladyships, that we may pay Lady *Betty* a Visit; I'm told she has a Number of Patriot Ladies with her. It will be a merry Interview; we'll have some Party Chat I warrant me.

Enter Nim with a Letter.

Nim (*To Lady Bilker.*) My Lady, my Master, Justice *Vainlove*, bade me give you his Compliments, and this Letter. [*Exit Nim.*

L. *Bilk*. Well Ladies, to avoid Censure, I'll read this Epistle for the Good of the Company. (*Reads.*

‘MY LADY,

‘The Honour you intended me, I am oblig'd to decline with extreme Reluctance, on Account of unforeseen Contingencies; I shall notwithstanding
D 3 have

' have always the highest Esteem for your Ladyship,
' and hope your Passion is capable of being remov'd.
' (*Ireland's the Word*) I am, my Lady,

' Your much oblig'd Servant,

' C. VAINLOVE.

' I am Thunderstruck at the Puppy's Insolence and Ambition! What! to imagine I could love any Thing so unlike a Man.

L. *Ter.* Well my Lady, at any Rate we'll have Satisfaction of him, or of Lady *Betty*; if he's bit, we'll be easy in that Point; and if she marries him, her Crime will be her Punishment. She's put to a hard Shift to rise Patriot Recruits in the Matrimonial Way.

L. *Concor.* To own the Truth, the Woman I hate most, I would wish to be marry'd to that Wretch; he's the very Sweepings of Mankind.

L. *Nice.* Poor Lady, I pity her, as much as she loves her Country, to marry the Refuse of all the Prostitutes in the Town. Abject Creature! I'm sure he has no Brains; and as for Understanding, 'tis as weak as his Legs, which are scarce able to support him, as he walks.

L. *Court.* Curse him, he's a bad Subject.

L. *Nuc.* No more of him; I detest him and Sir *Timothy*, more than all the Reptiles I ever saw. *Low Brown's* Affairs go on prosperously I'm told; *Dr. Hope* has got well by him; *Lord Caiphas's* good Nature had like to bring him to Trouble, but the Dr. is gone to *Eutopia Felix*, till the Scrutiny's over. Well of all the worthy Men, that ever were worthy, *Caiphas* is the worthiest.

No striding Woolsey ever was so base,
But there were Votaries to applaud his Grace;
Objects corrupt, attract each fordid Mind;
Who'd worship Mammon in the Statesman kind.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

A C T

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Lady Betty Ireland's.

Enter Lady Betty, Lady Hopeful, Lady Prue, Lady Tugghard, Lady Sprightly, and Fanny Bloom.

Lady BETTY.

THIS lordly Tutor, I'm told, has been the Ruin of *Priarius*. That ambitious Creature was chosen from a Number of indigent Scholars, who were Candidates for the Tuition, and I'm sure, *Lucifer* could not furnish a more infernal Tutor, a Fool to himself, and a Knave to his Pupil; a Fool to himself, I say, by meriting the implacable Hatred of almost a whole Nation; and a Knave to his Pupil, by involving him in Schemes that have overwhelm'd him in Disgrace. *Priarius*, I am told, was a hopeful Youth when he was committed to his Care.

L. Hop. My Lady, I'm well assur'd you have been misinform'd, *Priarius* never promis'd to be good, even when he was a Boy, he betray'd the most shocking Principles of Tyranny and Cruelty. On the * Martyrdom of King *Charles*, he was known to assemble in a Club, and expose a Calf's Head in a Tavern-window, which drew upon him and his Company the Rage of the Mob, that they were oblig'd to decamp. Not long after, a poor Girl, who had been debauch'd by a Friend of his **, and brought to *Eutopia*; upon her Revolt, she was taken up by *Priarius*, and he and *Caiphas* accompany'd her to the House of Correction, where *Priarius* gave Directions to have her punish'd in such a manner, that would have inevitably kill'd her, but the Jailer having more Clemency and Tenderness than either of them, spar'd the Girl, and blister'd her Back with Herbs, as if she had been severely corrected.

Priarius

Priarius went in some Days after to see how the Execution went on, had the Girl strip'd, and no sooner view'd her Back, than *he, more Jailer than the Jailer himself*, discover'd the Cheat, and order'd her to be corrected while he stood by. The poor Creature, destitute of Friends and in a strange Country, threw herself upon her Knees, and implor'd his Mercy; whereupon the inexorable Savage, who never lov'd a Woman, gave her a Kick in the Breast. When the chief Magistrate was inform'd of this unauthorized Cruelty, he had the young Creature discharged by Proclamation, who soon after dy'd of a Cancer in the Breast, occasion'd by the Kick *Priarius* gave her. From hence your Ladyships may infer, that his Vices only grow with him.

L. Prue. That *Caiphas* is more to blame for his Designs against our Country, as his Property in it is so great. I am told his Brother is a Court Pander, and as great a Knave in his Profession, as ever liv'd; that has been well known in the late Troubles.

L. Tug. What deluded Men are those *Eutopians* that lust after the *Flesh-pots of their Task-Masters*. We have Rulers, Sanhedrims, High Priest, Elders, Judges, Placemen, Ministers, Pensioners and Lawyers, who take Council against us. But the Divinity of Patriotism shall become apparent. The Power of our Enemies shall be impotent, despicable, and inconsiderable; their Force shall be Weakness, and their Wisdom Folly; their Riches shall be Inability, and their Titles Disgrace; their Judgment shall be false, and their Ambition a Phantom; their Victory shall be Confusion, and their Triumph a Defeat; their Grasp at Power a Delusion, and their Beauty Deformity. For nothing can be honourable, powerful, beautiful, or free, that is not sweeten'd by a rectify'd Spirit of Patriotism.

L. Sp. Your Notions of Patriotism, my Lady, are most refin'd; He who is capable to sell his Country, would rob the Fatherless, take away Meat from the Hungry, cause Cities to lament, and wound the Soul of the afflicted.

Fan. Bl. How villainous is it to set Millions at Variance, to satisfy the Ambition of a few Men? How unlike Men? How unlike Christians? How unlike Patriots? How unlike Men of common Honesty are those who have been guilty of such Practices? And shall a whole Nation, be mulct, tax'd, threaten'd, and money-bill'd to assert the Power of Corruption? Avert it, Heaven! The Spirit of God was never known to reside in the Breast of a Tyrannical Priest. The Power of the Clergy has been always dangerous to Lord *Meanwell's* Family*. What will become of those Betrayers of their Country, when Justice unmantles them, and discovers their Nakedness? Where will the Worshipers of *Baal* hide. What Corner can be obscure enough for them? How fruitless will their Invocations be to their *Jewish Priest*, when Justice tears him from the Horns of the Altar? Tho' their Idolatry should place him erect again, yet his Reign is but short; he shall fall to Pieces before that Tribunal, which he has acted in open Defiance to.

L. B. The Church in those Days, is like a Toy-shop, where pretty Things are sold. The *Ark of the Covenant*, and the *Pot of Manna* lie on the Counter. The † Doctor for prostituting his Interest, gets *Aaron's Rod* in his Hand, and threatens his Tenants, if they don't vote for the *affected Moses* of the Nation. What has *Moses* to do with Elections? He is a false Shepherd, and a Betrayer of his Flock, which he has sold to the ravenous Wolf. Curs'd be the Hour he got a Crook in his Hand. The Sword of Rapine would better suit him. He thrives in this World on the Imprications of the People; but they will be dire Mattins on the Morn of his Funeral. His Preferments are scandalous, and his Views are nefarious.

* See the Hist. of *I—l—d.*

† Dr. C——.

S C E N E II.

Ibidem; opens and discovers the Patriot Ladies at Tea.

Enter Lady Ter. Lady Concor, Lady Niceairs, Lady Bilk, Lady Nufance, and Lady Courtly.

Lady *Bet.* I'm extremely obliged to your Ladyships for this Morning Visit ; your Ladyship's have not been at Tea yet I presume.

L. *Ter.* Long ago, my Lady, I assure you.

L. *B.* I hope Lady *Terrible*, my Lord Bishop is well.

L. *Ter.* As well, my Lady, as it can be expected in those factious Times.

L. *B.* Faction, my Lady, should never disturb the Quiet of a Reverend Divine ; he has more exalted Things to mind. The political Cares of this World are not his Province. What's the News my Lady ?

L. *Ter.* That the Town is full of Scandal.

L. *Hop.* Indeed, my Lady, I think it was always so.

L. *Hop.* You're very right, my Lady, tho' we find the most vicious and indiscreet, are often most prone to Slander ; *for all Things seem yellow to the jaundic'd Eye.*

L. *Bilk.* You're extreme pert, my Lady, I presume you intend that as a Retort.

L. *Hop.* If you had not a Right to think so, you would not have taken it as you did ; and if the Cap fits your Ladyship, its at your Service. Ha, ha, ha.

L. *Bilk.* Extreme Insolence. *(Aside.)*

L. *Ter.* It is a scandal to the Nation, my Lady, that one, of the best Men in it should be so much traduced,

L. *B.* Who is he, my Lady ?

L. *Ter.* Lord *Caiphas*.

L. *B.* Indeed, my Lady, you may worship a brazen Serpent if you please ; as for my Part, I never heard of ~~my~~ of his Cardinal Virtues ; and I think,
my

my Lady, it is hard for the Friends of *Eutopia* to bear up against such Works of Impiety and Corruption. We have some Men among us, who would sell their God for a Place or a Pension, and *Divines*, such as they are, who would worship the Devil in a black Gown, so he could procure them a Bishoprick. Men in Power, of corrupt Principles when they are catch'd in their Tricks, turn King's Evidence, and lay the Blame on a superior Power. That superior Power is treated with Insincerity by all about him; his sincerest Friends are seldom permitted to be near his Person: His secret Enemies make a *Paladium* of him, upon every unrighteous Demand, and would hold him up as Stage-Dancers do Tumbling-Boys, to make a Penny of him.

L. Ter. Your Tongue outstrips your Understanding, my Lady, I'm asham'd to hear you utter such Speeches.

L. Sp. Now, suppose my Lady *Terrible*, Lord *Caiphas* vanquish'd, what Anguish! Horror! Rage! Resentment will struggle in that face so speciously holy, soft and effeminate, Where will his *Beauty of Holiness* be then? Has he not taken off the Mask, and openly declar'd himself an Enemy to *Eutopia*? He who would better become an Helmet, is now seen rolling thro' our Street with a *Ganymede* in his Pontiff Chariot. I'm told, my Lady, he's going to publish a Treatise on two Steps at once, or the way to rise. Why the Blockhead might sum it up in four Syllables, SELL YOUR COUNTRY. And what is *Ganymede*, my Lady, but a meer Paradox. He was starving in his own Country; and now forsooth he's to have an Hand in our Country's Ruin. How honourable were his Steps; he just turn'd Footman, then *Ganymede*, and now he votes for his Master, dines with his Master, plays with his Master, and waits on his Master; he's a Footman, Courier, *Alexander*, Placeman, Senator and *Ganymede*. O surprizing Fellow. I'm told he's following the rest of his Leaders to the other World. The Piles is a reigning Disorder in those Days.

L. Ter.

L. Ter. Such abominable Reflections are unworthy any Lady of Quality. I can no longer bear such Insolence. When Faction runs high, the weaker Party have a Recourse to Scandal, to bespatter the Glory of the Victors

Fan. Bl. You count too fast, my Lady; you have not got the Victory yet, tho' I allow this is the golden Age for Courtiers; they may now prepare their Consciences, and harden their Scruples. This is a happy Season; gratifying Times are at Hand. Places Civil Military, and Ecclesiastic, Places heard of, and never heard of, Pensions granted and to be granted; Offices creating and filling. No Security! Now Court Ladies may look big; those are concordatum Days; they may revel in new Silk and old Sack, if their Husbands, Brothers, Fathers, or Keepers are in the Senate. *Caiphas* has a dainty Bit for all his Recruits; he has the Key of the Cellar, Larder and Pantry. Bless me, what happy Days we live to see! Ha, ha, ha.

L. Nuf. Lady Terrible, I'm surpriz'd you can listen with such Patience to the Murderers of Sanctity and Religion. Your Words are scandalous, Mrs. Fanny; you should know who you are talking to.

Fan. Bl. Ha, ha, ha. Why my Lady I'm talking to Court Ladies, of Court Politics, and I'm sure Lady Terrible, you know *St. Chrysostome* says, *When the People are given up to all Kind of Debauchery, look for the Source of it among the Clergy; it is too certain there must be some Disorder among them.*

Lady Court. There is nothing Madam, but your Obscurity, that prevents us from giving you a suitable Answer.

Fan. Bl. I'd have your Ladyship know, Obscurity begins at home, there were none of my Family ever seen behind a Coach.

Lady Nice. And you are the first of your Family, Madam, that was ever seen in a Coach.

Fan. Bl. It is well known some of my Family were in the Senate, when your Fore-Fathers accompany'd Tyranny to this Kingdom; and from Tink-
ers,

ers, Coblers, Chain Bearers and Drummers, suddenly became Gentlemen by the Spoil of the Nation. The *Jewels Laerten* is very prevalent with your Ladyships, I don't wonder at it, it's an hereditary Disorder.

Lady B. I beseech your Ladyships to wave the Discourse, since it comes to so much Warmth. No one, Lady *Niceairs* knows where the Shoe pinches but the Person that wears it; Lady *Terrible* would make a great Rout, if she was wrong'd of a Tythe Pig; I'm surpriz'd then she can bear the Groans of her Country with so much Resolution, because the Court Catterpillers don't injure her Ladyship's Heritage.

Lady Ter. I could never imagine any Ladies of Breeding could be guilty of so much Scandal and Calumny.

Lady B. Indeed my Lady, I never imagin'd the Court would send such fine Ladies abroad to beat up for Idolaters, and were you, and your Party to preach *Primate Stone* for ever, we'll never worship a STONE for you.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

SCENE III.

Sir Timothy Fopwell's House.

Enter Sir Timothy, Justice Vainlove, and Doctor Smart.

Just. V. Gad Sir *Timothy* I have chang'd Sides since I saw you.

Sir Tim. How so dear *Vainlove*?

Just. V. Why I'm a Patriot, Damn me if I ben't.

Dr. Sm. What, Mr. *Vainlove*, are you capable of a Breach of your Word.

Just. V. Damn me but I am, Sir, when it suits my Convenience, and for this Practice, Sir, I can quote a great many Precedents. *I have nothing more to ask than the usual *———* ha, ha, ha! There's an illustrious Example for you.

E

Dr. Sm.

Dr. Sm. Curse that Quotation! What shall I say.
(*aside*) Well, but Mr. *Vainlove*.

Just. V. Well, but holy Father, I'll tell you my Mind, *Caiphas* is one of the Heads of your Party, be assured then, whenever I find he resides in his Parish, edifies his Flock by Example and Doctrine, declines the Debauchery of the Capital, the Pageantry, Deceit and Politicks of the Court, Interest at Elections, hussaring of Parties, closeting Members, promoting Ganymedes, passing M—y B—; is beloved of God, praised by Men, honoured by his Flock; lives like an Apostle, has no uncommon Vices, respected for his Birth, Rank or Virtues, a good Priest, a good Christian, a good Gentleman, a good Patriot, a pious Divine, an impartial Subject, a meek Shepherd, no Wolf, no Snake in the Grass, then, Sir, and not till then, will I enlist under his Banner, and tell him so if you like.

Dr. Sm. O impious Declaration!----Does any one doubt Lord *Caiphas* to be the Spirit and Essence of a primitive Christian. Sir, he is the best Pastor in *Europe*, he mixes Water with his Wine, wears an Hair Shirt next his Skin, carries no Money about him, abhors a Woman, reads Family-Prayers to his Domesticks, attends Morning and Evening Service, preaches every Sunday, drinks no Spirits, gives Money and broken Meat to the Poor, prefers no Man to a Deanry for Sake of his Interest, provides for poor Curates, relieves the indigent, cloathes the naked, frees the Prisoner, and studies the Honour, Welfare, and Liberty of this Country. All this, Sir, I can swear upon Occasion, and he is an Atheist that believes otherwise. *Exit.*

Sir Tim. The Doctor is gone off with a Sting in his Toe. Damn those Rascals, they're such Images of Matrimony, they scare me wherever I meet them.---As to your Match, *Vainlove*.

Just. V. Why, Sir *Timothy*, this Night I am to be happy in the Possession of a Fortune, and as to the Wife, I'll take Care she sha'n't disturb my Quiet much, tho' 'tween you and me I am afraid I must act
the

the Hypocrite a Month or so to get at the Bottom of her Affairs, then off with the Mask, and I'll turn out as polite a Husband as ever you painted.

Sir Tim. Damn me then, *Vainlove*, but thou art an exquisite pretty Fellow, and as ready to take good Example as any fine Gentleman of them all.

SING S. Tune, *Moll Roe*.

*If in Fortune you meet a Miscarriage,
And your Purse is at low Water Mark,
You'll recruit by the Help of a Marriage,
Then damn both the Parson and Clark.*

*Tho' the Bride should be toothless and ugly,
While a Lads can be purchas'd for Gold,
We'll dress and look wondrous smugly,
And prove that our Freedom's not sold.*

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Lady Betty's House.

*Enter Lady Betty, Lady Sprightly, Lady Hopeful,
Lady Prue, Lady Tugghard, and Fanny Bloom.*

Lady BETTY.

HA, ha, ha, such a Counter Plot, and such Execution! Well Lady Sprightly, thou art a Politician indeed. Ha, ha, ha, two Scoundrels catch'd in their own Foils. Ha, ha, ha, I shall do nothing this Month but laugh at the Fate, Credulity, and Vanity of those Coxcombs.

Lady Hop. I beg your Ladyship will let us share in your Merriment. What's all this Glee for?

Lady B. Why then I'll tell you: Sir *Timothy Fopwell* was hugely in Love with *Lady Sprightly*; he us'd several venal, ungenerous, and I may say, extravagant Proposals to a certain Friend of her's, which she justly despis'd; and poor *Fribble's* Passion proving so uneasy to him, he propos'd Marriage with a Jointure of £1500 a Year; and this Proposal was made with a secret, villainous, saving Clause, of dissolving the Marriage by Act of Parliament; for you know *Lady Sprightly's* a Papist. So when our accomplish'd *Fribble* was pall'd,

*A human Law should break that Law divine,
And Marriage sep'rate those, it ought to join.*

Lady Sprightly however, by the Intimation of some Friends, smok'd his Design, and before the Celebration of their Nuptials, qualified herself unknown to him; and to his eternal Mortification, she's now as good a Protestant as Law can make her; so if she loses an Husband that's not worth contending for she'll

she'll have the Pleasure of a comfortable Jointure and if she has Male Issue by him, he can't deprive her Son of the Estate.

Lady P. Ha, ha, ha, may such designing Courtiers never meet a better Fate. Poor Wretch, the Gout will get to his Stomach I hope; But prithce what's the Laugh against Justice *Vainlove*?

Lady Spr. I'll tell your Ladyship: *Vainlove* you must understand, made it his Boast in some Companies, that Lady *Terrible* was to get him a Wife, with a prodigious Fortune, for voting against his Country, and in Order to disappoint that old Bundle of Deceit. I wrote some Letters in Lady *Betty's* Name to him, signifying a Desire of running away with him; the Creature, as he is the most vain, credulous, senseless Coxcomb in Nature; swallow'd the Bait; sent for his Subsheriff and Bailiffs, and came in a formidable Manner to my House to carry off his *Helen*; but poor Creature, he did not meet with the Fate of the *Trojan Youth*; for instead of going off in Triumph with his Prize, his Myrmedons were drubbed and disarm'd. and the poor advent'rous Knight suffer'd all the Indignities that a numerous Mob could inflict on him; in short, my Lady, he was several Times tumbled in the Kennel, nay Don *Quixote* himself never met with a dirtier Miscarriage. You'd laugh to see his quixotic Courage cool, and kneeling for Mercy at Lady *Betty's* Feet, and to shew how far he was intitl'd to it, he pulls out the Letters I sent him. Lady *Betty* immediately laid hold on them, and said she'd have him tried for Forgery; at last we deliver'd him to his Equals, the Mob, and I believe he'll scarce go Fortune-hunting in the same Manner, while he lives.

Lady B. I'll be bail for him myself, in that Point.

Lady Tug. Have you the Letters my Lady?

Lady B. No, no, I immediately committed them to the Flames.

Lady Hop. May I die if ever I heard a better Trick; poor Soul, he'll be asham'd to appear in the

54 *The FEMALE PARLIAMENT.*

Senate now to vote against his Country. It's an ill
Wind that blows no Body Good.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

SCENE II.

Justice Vainlove's House.

*Scene opens, and discovers Nim and the Parson in pen-
sive Mood, waiting the Arrival of Justice Vainlove.*

Nim. Pray Doctor, can you calculate a Man's
Nativity; by the Blood I begin to be afraid some-
thing that's not decent has happen'd my poor Ma-
ster. There's some Error in his Stars, or I'm great-
ly mistaken.

Parson. What makes you suspect a Miscarriage in
your Master's Affairs Friend, what have I been
brought here upon an uncertainty? By my Priest-
hood Friend, I must be paid whether there's a Mar-
riage or not. Here I am, here I have stay'd, and
here I shall be pay'd; no Tricks with me Friend.
I could marry a Company of Grenadiers in the
Time.

Nim. Zounds Sir, what Tricks are you talking
of, no one is tricking you; but suppose my poor
Master is trick'd, how can you or I help that. If
you marry my Master, my Master will pay you; if
you do not marry him, why the Devil should he pay
you?

Parson. Friend, I am to be paid for waiting; I'm
not to suffer for your Master's Miscarriage.

Nim. Hold Sir, I hear a Rap at the Door; Damn
me I believe it's my Master.

Enter Justice Vainlove, in a terrible dire Condition.

Nim. Zounds my dear Master, what a Pickle
you're in.

Just. V.

Just. V. Silence Caitiff, I'm undon e.

(*Nim whispers the Parson.*)

Nim. Zounds dear Doctor, my poor Master's mad, by *Jupiter* if he sees you, you're a dead Man; for in this sublunary Disorder, the Sight of a Parson puts him into an uncommon Rage, if your Life is dear to yourself or any Body else, I'd advise you to make your Escape. Perhaps he may be better to-morrow, then you may send him a Petition, I'll Back it.

Par. Damn you Sir, and your Master, I wish I were out of this Enchantment. (*Nim. leads him out privately behind his Master.*)

Just. V. Earth open and devour me!
I'm sold, sacrific'd! murder'd! and betray'd.
Inevitable Ruin has fall'n upon me,
And I'm become a Butt to female Tricks,
And a wretched Tool of Party.
Betray'd by my own Vanity, lost to Honour, and
Jilted with Disgrace.

Nim. By the Lord I'm a Witch; my Mind told me all this. Well thank Heav'n its no worse. O Curse upon my Master's leaden Scull, that did not weigh Things better. The Sin of Adult'ry has fall'n heavy on him this Night. What shall I say to him. (*Aside.*)

May it please your Honour——

Just. V. Be gone Villain, ask me no Questions.

Nim. Crave Mercy Sir, you don't owe your Misfortunes to me I hope. I'm sure my Heart bleeds for you Sir, did your Honour get a Fall?

Just. V. A dreadful one; from Honour to Infamy, from Glory to Scorn.

Nim. Here's a Letter for your Honour, 'twas left, here a little after you went to Lady *Sprightly's*.

Just. V. Read it, I've almost lost my Sight.

(*Nim opens the Letter and reads*)

Dear *Vainlove*,

I'm lost, ruin'd, and undone. Lady *Sprightly* qualify'd herself before her Marriage. I have made

' made a large Settlement upon her ; she's pregnant,
' and what is still worse, she's my Wife in Spight of
' all the Acts.

' I am dear Vainlove,
' Your most inconsolable Friend,
Tim. Popwell.

Just. V. What! are we then Partners in Woe, this
but strikes me to the Soul, two of the finest Gentle-
men in *Europe* a Butt to that curs'd Jilt Fortune.
Let Fire and Rage and all that Madness can dictate,
Tempt me to annihilate this outward Form of mine,
And then, ----

From all curs'd Female Arts indignant fly,
Elude my Sorrows, and ignobly die.

S C E N E I I I .

Lady Betty's House.

*Enter Lady Betty, Lady Hopeful, Lady Prue, Lady
Tugghard, Lady Sprightly and Fanny Bloom.*

Lady B. Truth and Justice have for once prevail'd,
Corruption now inglorious lies,
Couchant beneath our Patriot Shield,
Sir Arthur's vanquish'd with Disgrace,
His Friends with Horror view'd his dire Fall,
And shar'd in his uncommon Infamy.
The Bill's rejected, and loud Peals of Joy
Ring thro' ev'ry Corner of the Land.

Lady Hope. Great *Roger's* Fame now far transcends
the Skies,
And ev'ry Patriot's crown'd with loud Applause.

Lady Prue. Lord *Caiphas* now sees all his tow'ring
Schemes
Heaping Dishonour on his hated Name.

Lady Tug. Say what Confusion and terrific Rage
Do some fell Caitiffs in their Looks display.
O who'd accept a Ministerial Jobb,
To sully and obscure one's Reputation ?
The conscious Party now look quite dejected ;

Some

Some stealing Homewards to their Country Seats,
To calm the Rage of loud constituent Censure ;
While others on their Pensions and their Places
Regale their Friends, and toast their Graceless Do-

(*nois*)

Lady *Sp.* No more the lordly Bashaws of the State
Shall boast the Force of Prostitution ;
Their Leaders quit a loyal guiltless Land,
With shame, Confusion, and Disgrace.
No Trumpets sound to usher him away,
Nor shall the conscious Ravager return.

Fan. Bl.

Let future Ages boast Lord *Meanwell's* Fame,
And pay due Honours to great *Roger's* Name ;
Unmov'd by Pow'r, calm, resolute and free
Were all our Patriot Friends, in fifty three.

F I N I S.



